

Real

A Fawcett Publication

DECEMBER

10¢

NO. 73

WESTERN HERO



SADDLES PACKED
WITH
HARD-RIDING
ADVENTURES
ON THE WESTERN PLAINS



TOM MIX



MONTÉ HALL



GABBY HAYES



HOPALONG CASSIDY

*As Indestructible—
As Accurate—As Unfailing as
Captain Marvel Himself!*

**Captain
Marvel**

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REAL WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
M. SHULL



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words

A Fawcett Publication

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES

•
WHIZ COMICS

CAPT. MARVEL, JR.

•
MASTER COMICS

THE MARVEL FAMILY

•
DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY

•
FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS

•
TOM MIX WESTERN

•
OZZIE AND BABS

MONTE HALE WESTERN

•
REAL WESTERN HERO

•
MYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL

•
HOPALONG CASSIDY

•
GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT



FOUR PAIRS OF STEEL FISTS LET FLY IN A THRILLING ROUNDUP OF WESTERN ADVENTURES!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

in "STAKES OF DEATH"

MONTE HALE

in "THE COYOTE CHASE"



TOM MIX

in "THE CRIME SHOWBOAT"

GABBY HAYES

in "VICTORY OF THE VITTLES"



ALSO:
WESTERN GUFFAWS WITH LOCO LEW
LIL' BUCK CACTUS BRAIN



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

IN "STAKES OF DEATH"

WHENEVER NEW TERRITORY WAS THROWN OPEN IN THE OLD WEST, SETTLERS CAME ON FOOT, ON HORSE AND BY COVERED WAGON---ALL TO STAKE THEIR CLAIMS! WITH THE HONEST SETTLERS, CAME UNSCRUPULOUS VAGRANTS WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE WAS TO PREY UPON THEM! SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY FIGHTS TO KEEP LAW AND ORDER IN AN EPIC STRUGGLE AGAINST

**THE
STAKES OF DEATH!**



I SEE EVERYBODY'S READY TO STAKE OUT A CLAIM FOR HIMSELF IN THE NEW TERRITORY HOPALONG!

THAT'S RIGHT, HIRAM! AS SOON AS I GIVE THE SIGNAL, BE OFF!

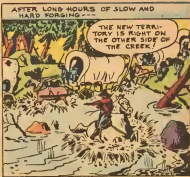
SHERIFF



BANG!

THERE THEY GO!







TAKE IT EASY, EVERYBODY! DON'T GET PANICKY! WE'VE GOT TO FORM A BUCKET BRIGADE FROM THE CREEK UP TO HERE IF WE'RE GOING TO PREVENT THE FIRE FROM SPREADING!



A BUCKET BRIGADE IS FORMED!

KEEP THOSE BUCKETS GOING! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



TORTUROUS, UNCERTAIN MINUTES LATER!

WE'RE GETTING THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL! WE SHOULD HAVE IT OUT SOON!



SHORTLY AFTER...

NOT ONLY HAVE ALL OUR POSSES-SIONS BEEN BURNED UP, BUT ALL THE BOUNDARY STAKES ARE GONE, TOO, YOPALONG!

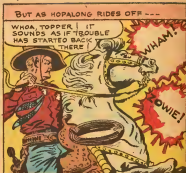
THAT ISN'T TOO BAD! YOU CAN ALL SET THEM UP AGAIN! I THINK THAT MOST OF YOU WILL REMEMBER WHERE YOUR STAKES WERE!

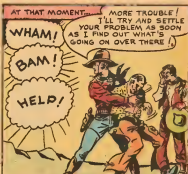
MEANWHILE, I'D BETTER RIDE TO TOWN AND BUY SOME GRUB!

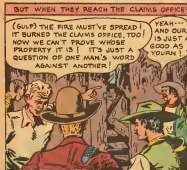
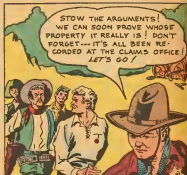
SWELL! WE SHORE KIN USE SOME! WHILE YORE GONE, WE'LL SET UP NEW BOUNDARY STAKES!

SOMEBODY MUST'VE DROPPED THIS GLOVE WHILE PUTTING OUT THE FIRE!











REAL WESTERN HERO

WE'RE GITTING NEAR THE
PRECIPICE NOW! CLIMB
BACK, WEASEL, AND GIT READY
TO TOSS HOPALONG OVER!

AS DEATH DRAWS
CLOSER, WHAT ABOUT
HOPALONG?

IT'S NO USE!
I JUST CAN'T RIP A
HOLE IN THE SACK WITH MY
HANDS! WAIT A SECOND---
I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF
THIS BEFORE! MY SPURS
SHOULD COME IN HANDY---
THEY'RE RIGHT SHARP!

HUH??? HOW
DID YOU GIT
OUTTA THE
SACK?



I'M NOT IN THE MOOD
TO ANSWER QUESTIONS
RIGHT NOW, WEASEL!

HEY---
WHAT'S
GOING ON
BACK
THAR?



JUST THIS,
MURKY---



WITH YOU TWO NO-GOOD
HOMBRES SAFELY LOCKED UP
IN JAIL, THE NEW SETTLERS
WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE
RESTORING THEIR
BOUNDARIES!



A COUPLE OF BAD
APPLES COULD SPOIL A WHOLE
BARRELFUL! BUT FROM NOW ON,
YOU VARRINTS WILL DO ALL YOUR
ROTTING IN THE TWIN RIVER
JAILHOUSE!
GIDDAP!



Matty BELL

COACH OF
SOUTHERN METHODIST
UNIVERSITY'S
1947 CONFERENCE CHAMPIONS



BOASTING A
DEVASTATING GROUND AND
AERIAL ATTACK, MATTY'S MUSTANGS
GALLOPED THROUGH A RUGGED
10-GAME SCHEDULE UNDEFEATED. PLAYED
THRILLING 13-13 TIE WITH POWERFUL
PENN. STATE IN COTTON BOWL GAME.



A VETERAN OF 21 YEARS IN
TOUGH SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE,
COACH MATTY BELL BELIEVES THAT
EXPERIENCE OR "KNOW HOW" COUNTS
HEAVILY IN ATHLETIC CONTESTS.
TRAINING AND EATING RIGHT
IMPORTANT, TOO. MATTY SAYS, "A
TRAINING DISH I RECOMMEND IS
ONE I'VE ENJOYED FOR YEARS
MYSELF - A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK,
FRUIT AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS'."

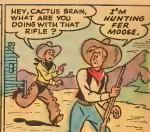
WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



BELL "RAN THE GUNS" HIS FIRST YEAR
AT S.M.U. HIS GREAT 1935 TEAM WON
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. UNDEFEATED
AND UNTIED, MATTY'S BOYS WERE ONLY
TEAM EVER TO REPRESENT SOUTHWEST
CONFERENCE IN ROSE BOWL.





FELLOWS! GIRLS! Get Captain Tootsie's
MYSTIFYING, BAFFLING

"BAG OF MAGIC TRICKS"

(Over \$1.00 Retail Value!)

Only **25¢**

with any wrapper from
Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Pop,
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- DISAPPEARING COIN!
- MAGIC VANISHER!
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Peer Salt in
Handkerchief!
Presto! It's
Vanished!

Amazing!
"Disappearing
Coin Trick"



"Spring-and-Ring"
Oriental Magic Trick

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE

Box 203, New York 8, N. Y.

Please send me _____ "Bags of Magic Tricks" For each one I
enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a Tootsie wrapper from either Tootsie
Roll, Tootsie Coconut Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

Name _____ (Please Print Name)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer expires January 31, 1949

Void if taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted by state or
municipal laws. Offer good only in United States.



YOUNG FALCON

and THE
VICTORIOUS
MASQUERADE



EVER SINCE THE MASSACRE OF THE TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, YOUNG FALCON, SON OF THE OLD CHIEF, HAS PLAUGHED THE SLAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE! YOUNG FALCON HAS VOWED TO GAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM, HIS RIGHTFUL EMBLEM AND CLAIM TO FOUND A NEW TRIBE. AT DUSK, AT THE CAMP OF THE EVIL RENEGADES---

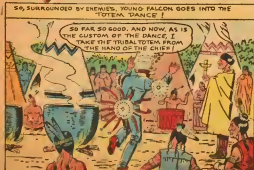
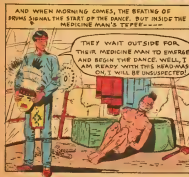
AND AS DUSK DEEPENS, THE RENEGADE MEDICINE MAN READIES HIS COSTUME FOR THE DANCE---

BUT WAIT-- PERHAPS TOMORROW WILL BRING THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED FOR! YES-- I THINK I'VE A PLAN THAT MAY WORK IF LUCK IS WITH ME!

THAT'S THEIR MEDICINE MAN, HE WILL BE THE MAIN DANCER OF THE TOTEM DANCE. AT LEAST, THAT IS HOW IT SHOULD BE, BUT TOMORROW IT WILL BE DIFFERENT --- I WILL MAKE IT SO!

THIS IS THE MEDICINE MAN'S TENT. I MUST STRIKE QUICKLY TO PREVENT AN OUTCRY!

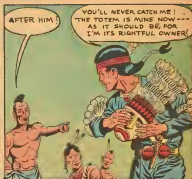






CATCH HIM!
TIS YOUNG FALCON,
THE OLD CHIEF'S
SON!

THE MEDICINE MAN!
HE HAS ESCAPED HIS BONDS!
MY MASQUERADE IS OVER!



AFTER HIM!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
THE TOTEM IS MINE NOW---
AS IT SHOULD BE, FOR
I'M ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER!



HERE IS YOUR
HEAD-MASK BACK!

WHACK



I'LL OVERTURN SOME OF
THESE KETTLES ON MY
WAY OUT!



THE OVERTURNED KETTLES
POUR ONTO THE FIRES, SEND-
ING CLOUDS OF SMOKE SRYWARD
THAT ACTS AS A SMOKE-SCREEN!
YOUNG FALCON DARTS TO FREEDOM!

THE WIND SPREADS THE
SMOKE! THEY CANNOT SEE
WHICH WAY I FLEE! BY THE
TIME THE SMOKE FADES I
WILL BE IN THE WOODS!



AT LAST--- THE
TRIBAL TOTEM OF MY
PEOPLE IS MINE!



SOON---

(PANT) I CANNOT REST
FOR LONG! BLACKMOON
AND HIS WAR PARTY WILL
SCOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR
ME. BUT I WILL NOT FALL
INTO THEIR HANDS---
I MUST NOT!

CAN YOUNG
FALCON
ELUDE THE
INFURIATED
RENEGADES?
-- IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
REAL WESTERN
HERO,
THE FALCON COMES FACE
TO-FACE
WITH A
TORTUROUS
DEATH!

MONTE HALE

in
"THE
COYOTE-
CHASE"



OUTSIDE A TEXAS JAIL, A LONELY GALLOW'S WAITED. EVERYWHERE, MEN SPOKE IN HUSHED WHISPERS, FOR THE HATED AND FEARED COYOTE--AT LAST CAPTURED BY MONTE HALE--WAS TO BE HUNG AT DAWN !!

LOOK THAR, BOYS! SUN'S COMING UP!

THAT MEANS THE END FOR THE COYOTE!

WE SURE OWE A DEBT TO MONTE HALE! WITHOUT HIM, THAT LOCO KILLER'D STILL BE ON THE LOOSE!

MEANWHILE, MONTE HALE HAS A VISITOR....

MR. HALE! MY NAME IS GORDON BENNETT. I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE EAST TO WRITE THE STORY OF THE COYOTE'S HANGING FOR THE NEW YORK STAR.

NEWS-PAPER-MAN, EH? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?





BUT, AS MONTE AND THE EASTERN NEWSPAPER-MAN TALK, A THRILLING DRAMA IS BEING ENACTED IN THE COYOTE'S JAIL CELL....





BENNETT HAS CHOSEN A SPEEDY MOUNT, AND IN A FEW MOMENTS....

BENNETT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? CHASING THE COYOTE'S NO JOB FOR A NEWS-PAPER REPORTER!



I KNOW IT, MONTE! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET A SCOOP ON THIS--SO I'M TAGGING ALONG!

WELL, I SURE HOPE YOU CAN ODOGE LEAD THEN, BECAUSE THE COYOTE LEADS A WICKED CHASE!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

LET'S SEE... HIS BRONC'S TRAIL LEADS UP TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS--SO THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!





STEADY, PARTNER! DON'T GET SCARED! LET'S BACK UP... AND GET AWAY FROM HERE!



AS MONTE SOOTHES THE FRIGHTENED HORSES...

WHAT A FIENDISH STUNT! BUT HOW DID THE COYOTE GET THROUGH THERE HIMSELF?

MOST OF THE SNAKES WERE PROBABLY SLEEPING IN THE SUN. AS HE WENT THROUGH, I RECKON HE RILED THEM UP SO THEY'D BE PLENTY SORE WHEN WE CAME ALONG!



BUT LET'S GET TO RIDING! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER TRAIL OVER THE RIDGE!



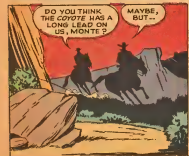
THESE HILLS USED TO BE THE COYOTE'S FAVORITE HIDE-OUT. HE KNOWS EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY IN THEM!

JUST RIGHT FOR AMBUSHES, EH, MONTE?



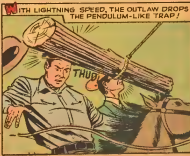
MEANWHILE, AROUND THE BEND, THE EVER-READY COYOTE HAS PREPARED ANOTHER TRAP....

PERFECT--MY TRAP'S READY TO SPRING! AND IF I KNOW MONTE HALE, HE'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!

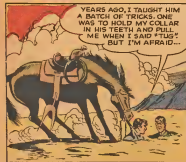


DO YOU THINK THE COYOTE HAS A LONG LEAD ON US, MONTE?

MAYBE, BUT--



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE OUTLAW DROPS THE PENDULUM-LIKE TRAP!



BUT AT THE WORD "PRAY" PARDNER BEHAVES STRANGELY!

MONTE! WHAT'S HE DOING?

NOW I REMEMBER! I TAUGHT HIM TO DO THIS SCRAPING TRICK TOO, AT THE COMMAND--
PRAY!



HE'S STARTING TO LOOSEN THE SAND AROUND ME!
PRAY, PARDNER, PRAY!



NOW, PARDNER, **TUG!** AS SOON AS I GET MY HANDS FREE, BENNETT, I'LL HELP YOU OUT!



SOON...

NOW WHAT, MONTE?

NOW TO GET AFTER THE COYOTE AGAIN, HE HEADED NORTH, AND I'VE A FEELING THAT HE'LL BE A MITE MORE CONFIDENT THAN USUAL-- BEING CONFIDENT THAT WE'O PERISHED!



LOOK! THERE'S HIS TRAIL AGAIN. KEEP POUNDING YOUR MOUNT, REPORTER!

YES SIR, COWBOY!



THERE'S A RIDER, MONTE. COULD IT BE--

IT SURE IS! I **KNEW** HE'D GET CARELESS-- AND HE HAS, LEAVING HIMSELF OUT IN THE OPEN!



IT'S HALE AGAIN! WHY, THE BLASTED FOOL--HE HAS MORE LIVES THAN A TOMCAT! BUT I'LL **FIX** THAT!



RIDE LOW IN YOUR SADDLE, BENNETT! AS FOR ME, I'M GOING TO DO SOME TRICK RIDING TO CONFUSE THAT CRITTER!



WHAT IN TARNATION?! THAT COWPOKE IS DOING SADDLE STUNTS! CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM!



BLAST HIM -- HE HIT MY GUN AWAY!



COME ON DOWN ON AN EVEN PLANE, COYOTE!

UFFFH!



HALE, THIS TIME I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TAKE ANOTHER BREATHE OF AIR!



PERHAPS THIS WILL TAKE SOME OF THAT HOT AIR OUT OF YOU!

UFF!



WITH THE RAGE OF A DEADLY SNAKE, THE COYOTE STRIKES AGAIN BEFORE MONTE HAS A CHANCE TO TURN . . .



I WASN'T VERY MAD BEFORE, COYOTE, BUT NOW I'M PLUMB BURNING UP!



BROTHER, WHAT A FIGHT! WHAT A FIGHT! HE'S SURE OUT COLDER THAN A CANNED SARDINE!

I PLUMB FEEL BETTER NOW! DON'T LIKE TO GET ANGRY, BUT THIS HOMBRE SURE LIT A FIRE IN ME!



A WHILE LATER . . .

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU WRITING SO FURIOUSLY, BENNETT? YOU'VE USED THE LEAD OFF FIVE PENCILS!

STORY FOR MY PAPER, MONTE, ABOUT THE FINEST RIDING AND THE BEST FIGHTING I'VE EVER SEEN!





HI, PALS! HERE ARE THE WORDS TO THE SONG YOU'VE BEEN HEARING OVER THE RADIO, IN SCHOOL AND WHEREVER GOOD AMERICANS OF ALL RACES AND CREEPS GET TOGETHER! BE SURE, WHEN YOU MEMORIZE THE WORDS, TO KEEP IN MIND WHAT THEY STAND FOR!

'I'M THE YOU IN THE U.S.A.'

(VERSE:)

A-MER-I-CA'S GOOD CITI-ZENS BE-GIN WHEN
THEY ARE YOUNG
TO MOLD THE CHAR-AC-TER FOR WHICH OUR
PRAI-SES THEY ARE SING,
FROM COAST-TO COAST-FROM GULF TO MAINE,
WHERE-EV-ER FREE-DM RINGS,
A-MER-I-CAN YOUTH WILL MEET THE TEST, AS
EACH ONE LOUD-LY SINGS:

(CHORUS:)

WHEN UN-CLE SAM-MY POINTS HIS FIN-GER
AND HE SAYS, 'I WANT YOU! HEY!
HE'S POINT-ING AT THIS YOUTH-FUL SING-ER,
THE **YOU** IN THE U.S.A.
I'M JUST A KID STILL IN HIS TEENS WHO HAS-N'T
E-VEN HAD HIS DAY,
BUT, BROTHER, I KNOW THAT HE MEANS -
I'M THE **YOU** IN THE U.S.A.
IN SCHOOL, AT HOME - AT CHURCH I LEARN THE
MEAN-ING OF FAIR PLAY,
THAT HON-ORS I MUST TRU-LY EARN:
I'M THE **YOU** IN THE U.S.A.
I'M ONE OF MY COUN-TRY'S FAIR-HAIRED LADS
GROW-ING UP THE A-MER-I-CAN WAY,
TO MATCH MY EX-PLOTS WITH MY DAD'S;
I'M THE **YOU** IN THE U.S.A.

LYRIC BY
MEL GOLD

MUSIC BY
DUKE AND MARGARET MELODY

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**10¢
BUYS
IT**



Plays most any tune... just blow!



A POOSH-A-UP
GAME



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Plays 4 different pin games... Baseball, Pin-Take, Regatta, Lucky 7. 18" x 18". A fun meal. \$3.99

POCKET SIZE!

FLIP-M-UP 45¢



Your own pin game! Fully automatic, self-feeding... just like a regular pin ball machine. Glass-covered (all metal).



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Enclosed is \$ _____ send me
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Street & No. _____

City _____ State _____

Check or Money Order (No C. O. D.'s, No Stamps)

GRIZZLY KILLER

A RED ROAN Adventure

By Dick Kraus



RED ROAN was uneasy. As he stood, half-hidden in the thick foliage of the mountainside, his ears pricked forward, and his luminous dark eyes probed the valley below. From time to time, he heard distant shouts, and once he heard the sharp sound of a rifle shot.

Men were combing the valley floor, men who carried guns, and moved forward with deadly purpose.

It was not for himself or his herd that the men were hunting, the great strawberry stallion knew. Instead, they were combing the forest recesses for a giant killer grizzly, a great brown bear that had been attacking their herds and flocks. Red Roan knew the bear well. He was a huge, scarred veteran of many a fight. Unable now to catch his prey in the forest, the grizzly had turned to stealthy, sudden raids on the cattle and sheep of the ranchers.

It was for this that they were pursuing the bear, determined to find and kill him. Red Roan had heard them coming, early in the morning. Immediately, he had led his mares and young colts to a distant spot, high on the mountainside, to graze while the hunt went on. Then he had returned to the valley to see what was happening.

As he watched, Red Roan detected two men, walking slowly and warily up a trail toward him. They were still several hundred yards away. He watched them carefully.

"No sign of the grizzly yet," young Rob Raeburn said. He wiped his forehead with a crimson bandanna and put his rifle down. "Shore is hot, eh, dad?"

His father nodded, eyes probing the thick undergrowth ahead.

"Hot isn't the word," the older man said. "Reckon that grizzly, in his fur coat, is finding it pretty uncomfortable, too?"

Rob Raeburn grinned. He picked his rifle up. "If I spot him, I'll make him twice as uncomfortable," he said. "Killin' twelve of our best calves in a single night. An'

not to eat them—just to kill them!" He pointed up through the underbrush. "Dad, suppose you cut through that section. I'll go off at an angle. Keep your ears open for rifle shots. I'll do the same!"

His father nodded, and the two men separated.

Red Roan watched, as the thinner, younger man headed up toward him. It was of this that he was worried. For this reason he had stood on guard. If these hunters—and there were many of them in the woods today—were to see any of his mares through the screen of underbrush, they might mistake them for the bear. One large dark form looked much like another, and once the trigger was pressed, it was too late to call the bullet back.

So Red Roan watched, his starlet form barely discernible against the shifting backdrop of leaves and slender branches.

The man was coming toward him. Gradually the man began to walk along a more level trail. The strawberry stallion was relieved. That path would not take the hunter to where the herd was hidden. Suddenly, Red Roan stiffened, and his dark nostrils quivered! There was a musky, strange odor in the air—an odor that spoke of violence and cunning and danger!

It was the scent of the great brown bear—the killer grizzly! He was somewhere upwind of both the horse and the searching man.

RAPIDLY. Red Roan's keen eyes probed the thicket. At first he could make nothing out. There was a huge, motionless shape . . . but no, that was a boulder. And a dark, bent form . . . but that was a fallen tree. Then he saw it—a shambling, giant monster that lurched through the forest, tiny red eyes glinting angrily. The horse stood motionless, not a movement betraying his position. This was between the man and the beast. Whatever happened, Red Roan and the herd would be safe!

Slowly, and with a silence remarkable for

a creature of his bulk, the huge grizzly moved through the forest. His purpose was clear now. He was stalking the hunter, gradually coming closer and closer to him. Now he was only twenty yards away, and now only fifteen. Soon he would be near enough to lunge forward, to clutch the man in a mighty, savage embrace!

Red Roan watched intently. It was not his business, he knew. But he felt strangely moved, perhaps by the ghost of some ancestor, loyal to a human master, as he watched the bear come closer and closer to the unsuspecting man.

Now the bear was only five yards away. Lowering his head, great claws ripping the earth savagely, he lunged forward.

AT that moment, Red Roan, not knowing why he did it, whinned shrilly, his warning cutting through the underbrush, like some siren. "Neighhhhhh!" he cried. And again he whinnied, loud and clear.

In the underbrush, Rob Raeburn heard the sound of the whinny, and whirled around.

"The grizzly!"

Reflex-driven, he swiftly brought his rifle up, finger clutching at the trigger. But, before he could aim and shoot, the great bear was upon him a mighty musk-smelling form, that slashed with long, steel-sharp claws. The rifle was hurled from Rob's nerveless hands, and he was thrown heavily to the ground! He tumbled over as he fell, knowing full well that the bear would relentlessly pursue him! It would be useless. He could not escape.

But even as he rolled over the ground, Rob Raeburn saw another form enter his range of vision. It was Red Roan—who had neighed a sudden warning—and then sped down through the underbrush.

Rearing high in the air, the mighty stallion launched trigger-quick blows at the bear with his front hooves. The attack caught the bear by surprise. Furiously, he whirled about, slashing at this new opponent. But Red Roan gracefully swerved away from the grizzly's attack.

Gasping, Rob Raeburn crouched on the ground. His gun was lying by a tree stump, scant feet from the battling forest creatures. If he could reach it . . . Stealthily, he bent forward, and began to crawl toward the rifle.

Again the roan stallion plunged toward the bear. His hooves tore great chunks of fur from the grunting monster!

But now the bear had recovered from his surprise. Shrewd in the ways of warfare, he drew back for a moment, tiny eyes searching for his opponent. Then, seeing him, he snarled angrily, and hurtled forward. He feinted with his right paw. Then, as Red Roan flung himself to the left, he struck out again. This time with a savage, scythe-like blow that burned deep into the horse's foreleg!

Suddenly helpless, the stallion fell to the ground, his leg doubled beneath him. Now the killer grizzly moved forward . . . ready to finish his opponent off. He reared high on his hind legs, then came forward, claws seeking a vital spot. But, before he could deliver the finishing wound—

"BAM!" A rifle shot shattered the forest. The grizzly grunted and staggered slightly. He swung about. There was the man, kneeling on the ground, aiming his rifle at him.

Ponderously, the brown bear moved toward him. Again the rifle spoke. And again. The grizzly lurched forward, almost collapsing now. Once more the rifle spoke. This time, his life blood pouring from four wounds, the bear fell . . . dead!

Rob Raeburn stood up, and moved a hand across his forehead.

He walked up and stood beside the great stallion. Red Roan lay there, his huge dark eyes looking up, his side heaving in and out. The man bent, and examined the horse's leg carefully. He probed the depth of the wound, and ran his hand up and down the leg. When he stood up, his face broke into a smile.

"Mister," he said, "your leg isn't broke—just some muscles have been ripped. We're taking you down to our ranch. We'll take care of you till that leg's strong enough to walk on. Then we'll let you go again!"

His hand reached out and stroked the stallion's glossy trembling side.

"I reckon," he said, "tradin' a life for a life is a fair swap any time!"

THE END

*REAL WESTERN HERO features a
RED ROAN adventure every month.*

GABBY HAYES in

VICTORY of the VITTLES

AUNT HESTER SCOLDS GABBY ONCE TOO OFTEN.

IT AIN'T BEFITTING
FOR THE FOREMAN OF THE
BAR O RANCH TO DRESS
IN RAGS! I'LL MAKE YOU
INTO A GENTLEMAN
IF IT'S THE LAST---

QUIET,
DAD-BLAME
IT!



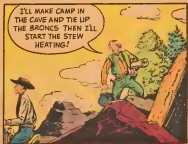
QUIT THAT COYOTE-YAPPING, YOU
LOOKED OLE WITCH! ONE MORE
PEEP, YOU VINEGAR-VEINED
HOOT OWL, AND I'LL
LOSE MY TEMPER!

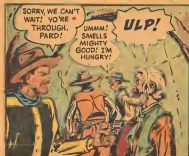
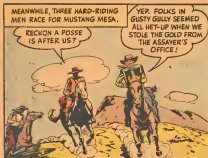


W-WHY, GABBY!
->SOB!< YOU AIN'T
NEVER TALKED
TO ME LIKE THAT!
->SOB!<

CAN'T STAND NAGGING!
I'M FED UP! FED UP!
HMMMM. THAT
REMINDS ME---











REAL WESTERN HERO

AT THAT MOMENT, FRED LARSON RETURNS.

WAKOO, GABBY! I TRAPPED THE HERD IN A BLIND CANYON!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

NOTHING IMPORTANT! YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TO BE SHOT!

WITHOUT THE STEW TO PACIFY THEM, THEM BRONCS WILL REMEMBER THEYAIN'T EVER BEEN SADDLED! THEY'LL BUCK LIKE CRAZY ANY SECOND NOW!



GABBY IS RIGHT! JUST AS THE OUTLAWS ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT HIM AND FRED—

BANG!

YEOU! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME FINE BRONCS FOR THE ROODEO, FRED!

UGH! IS THIS HOSS LOCO?

LET'S POLISH OFF THESE HOMBRES, GABBY!

OH!

CLUNK!





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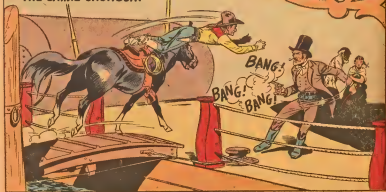
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TOM MIX

and



ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST EVENTS IN THE OLD WEST WAS THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHOWBOAT / FROM TOWNS A HARD DAY'S RIDE AWAY, MEN CAME TO WATCH THE MEMORABLE SHOWS ... BUT FOR TOM MIX THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHOWBOAT MEANT BLAZING GUNS, SUSPICION AND MURDER, UNTIL HE SOLVED THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF "THE CRIME SHOWBOAT"



TWO MILES OUTSIDE DOBIE ...

FASTER, TONY! FASTER!
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!



THE SHOWBOAT'S ONLY STAYING FOR THREE DAYS!
AND TONIGHT THEY'RE SHOWING "EAST LYNNE"!



AS TOM MIX RACES INTO THE DESERTED STREETS OF DOGIE ...

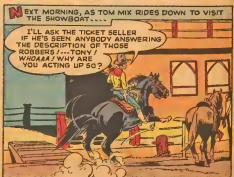
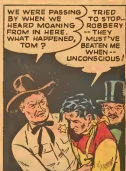


SOUNDED LIKE A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION! AND IT CAME FROM INSIDE THE BANK!



NO DANGER ANYBODY HEARD THAT DYNAMITE GO OFF / AIN'T A LIVING SOUL LEFT IN TOWN!



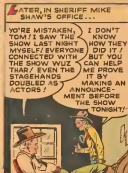




THERE! THAT'S BETTER!
I WONDER WHY YOU WERE
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE
WITH THOSE HORSES AT
THE HITTING POST!
THEY PROBABLY
BELONG TO SOME
OF THE SHOW
PEOPLE...



JUMPING CACTUS! THOSE
HORSES MUST'VE BEEN AT
THE BANK ROBBERY LAST
NIGHT! THAT'S WHAT
TONY'S TRYING TO TELL
ME! SOMEONE ON THE
SHOWBOAT IS MIXED
UP IN THIS!



LATER, IN SHERIFF MIKE
SHAW'S OFFICE...

YOU'RE MISTAKEN,
TOM! I SAW THE
SHOW LAST NIGHT
MYSELF! EVERYONE
CONNECTED WITH
THE SHOW WUZ
THAR! EVEN THE
STAGEHANDS
DOUBLED AS
ACTORS!

I DON'T
KNOW
HOW THEY
DID IT!
BUT YOU
CAN HELP
ME PROVE
IT BY
MAKING AN
ANNOUNCE-
MENT BEFORE
THE SHOW
TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT....

HOWWOY, SHERIFF!
BACK TO SEE
OUR NEW SHOW?

WOULDN'T MISS
IT FER ANYTHING!
I WUZ A MITE
AFEARED OF
BEING LATE,
THOUGH!



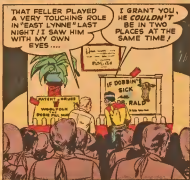
CONFIDENTIALLY, THE GILES CITY
STAGECOACH JUST PULLED
INTO TOWN! IT'S CARRYING A
LOAD OF BULLION FROM
THE SILVER MINES, AND
I HAD TO MAKE SURE
IT ARRIVED AT THE
ASSAYER'S OFFICE
SAFELY!

YOU
DOON'T SAY!
THAT'S
RIGHT
INTERESTING,
SHERIFF!



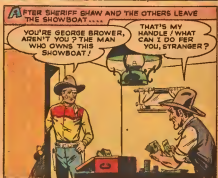
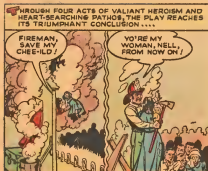
NOW I KNOW MY HUNCH IS
RIGHT! I'M ALMOST SURE I
RECOGNIZE THAT TICKET SELLER!
HE WAS ONE OF THE
BANK ROBBERS!

THAT
PROVES
YOU'RE WRONG,
TOM!

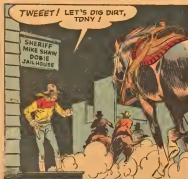
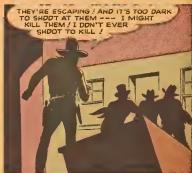


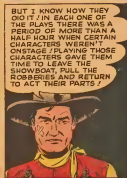
THAT FELLER PLAYED
A VERY TOUCHING ROLE
IN "EAST LYNNE" LAST
NIGHT! I SAW HIM
WITH MY OWN
EYES....

I GRANT YOU,
HE COULDN'T
BE IN TWO
PLACES AT THE
SAME TIME!

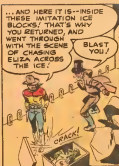








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